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# The Red Is Fuschia

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*The Red is Fuschia*

The red is fuschia growing on the rock  
behind the grasses I call toothpicks, the other  
is fuschia too though it is orange, just another  
wave of the sun, I find a seat after moving  
two or three times, the bay on one side, the cleft  
tree on the other, all this to keep from dying,  
but my main job is keeping the sun out of  
my eyes, for this I lower my lids and hold  
my hand up to my forehead, it is hard  
being this close to a star, for which I wear  
a thick black shirt—a theory I have—carved  
lines in my forehead, waves sort of, a curved  
shadow across my head, a kind of brush stroke,  
fat at the neck just gone forever, the wind  
in the hair like lines of nobility, the lower lip  
about to speak; I have the proof in my hands.